

A Congratulatory P O E M on the W H I G G ' s Entertainment.

Hollow Boys, Hollow, Hollow once again!
 'Tother half Crown shall then reward your pain.
 Alas, *Poor Whigg*, where wilt thou sneaking go,
 Thy Wine is spilt, thy Pyes, and Cakes are Dough?
 Down go the Coppers, Tables, Shelves and all,
 And so Farewel to *Haberdasher's Hall*!
 Damn'd *Protestants*! that when the Court abhor't,
 Dare eat, and drink without a Patent for't.
 And what true Catholics, no doubt, will say,
 Was ten times worse, upon a Fasting day!
 No Northern Healths would with *Huzza's* be crown'd,
 No Loyal *Dammee's* there would rend the Ground.
 These hungry Covenanting Currs, contrive
 To gobble up the King's Prerogative.
 In *Pasties*, *Plots*, in *Custard*, *Treason* lies;
 And hot Rebellion lurks in *Pudding-Pyes*.
 Fear always through Perspective looks, and thus
 A *Sausage* must be dubb'd a *Blunderbuss*.
 Poor Wood-cocks, Loyal Subjects counted be;
 Condemn'd by sly Phanaticks, Treachery.
Spitts Rapiers are to stab obedient *Geese*,
 A Stately *Pasty* is a *Mortar-piece*.
Glasses are *Hand-Granadoes*, which may fall
 At *Charing-Cross*, or Fire the *Milky Hall*.
 Cooks Shops hatch close Designs upon the State
 'Gainst Calves, and Capons to *ASSOCIATE*;
 Which if the Traitors freely won't confess,
 Our Jury's them shall all-to-be-Address.
 Those that were never marked by the Beast,
 Shall neither Buy, nor Sell, nor Fast, nor Feast.
 Whilst this Indulgence we to Friends afford,
 Change rusty *Cassocks* for a *glittering Sword*.
 But if they have nor Coat nor Gown to sell,
Godfrey's Cravat will do the Job as well.